

# The Celt's Song

Morgana bro Morganwyg

Our spi - rit was old when the Ro - mans built a road,  
And first set their san - dled feet u - pon our land,  
And our gods were ol - der still, When we swept down from our hills,  
With our fire forged blades high in our hands.

Our spirit was old when the Romans built a road,  
And first set their sandaled feet upon our land,  
And our gods were older still,  
When we swept down from our hills,  
With our fire forged blades high in our hands.

But the legions we attacked, and could not break the turtles back.  
And so we harried, wolf-like, at our prey,  
They heaped us with their scorn,  
But the watch from night to morn,  
Saw fewer Romans left to greet each day.

They may call us conquered tribes, but the spirit yet survives,  
And we pay the tribute only with our faces,  
For our ways are wise and long,  
And the ancient gods are strong,  
And we sing their praise at night in holy places.

For the Christians with their swords, and fire and ax, and words,  
Cannot find the dancing god, or laughing lady,  
All the efforts are in vain,  
What we are we shall remain,  
We keep our arms, we wait, and we are ready.

For the ancient gods are free, in the forest, on the sea,  
They live forever, only we can die,  
They gave us steel and song,  
And the time of gods is long,  
For our holy oaks still reach out to the sky.

And we bide here unafraid, of the roads and walls they've made.  
And soft we walk, and wait to hear a word.  
Yes, they think that we are broken,  
But when that word is spoken,  
We shall rise up and tell them, with a sword!